First to Last-the Truth: News-Editorials -Advertisements

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Reign of the Archaic

If there is anything in the theory of psychologists that terrible disorder is produced in the human soul when archaic impulses long repressed by the inhibitions of civilization begin to break through and govern one's acts. then much that is now taking place in the world may eventually be understood.

It is held by this theory that when the repression fails and the archaic impulse prevails the acts that result are not those of simple savagery, but assume fantastic guises, somewhat as in dreams. That is to say, the victim of a failure in repression does not become a savage again and behave as an utterly uncivilized person would. He still observes the empty forms of civilization. He continues to speak the language of an acquired morality. He uses modern words and symbols to justify acts which in spirit are archaic.

No psychologist has extended this theory beyond the conduct of individuals. But may it not be applied also to the behaviour of peoples? If so, and if the theory itself is sound, it may save us from the distressing belief that a very great number of human beings now are mad.

In the case of Germany you are obliged to choose between the thought of a nation gone mad and the theory of a people having reverted to savagery, with all the weapons, the knowledge and the dialectics of civilization at the disposal of their archaic will.

The Kaiser weeps at the sight of the abominable devastation produced by his soldiers in France. He wonders why his "enemies" were so wilful as to bring this calamity upon themselves. A few days later he calls for special services in the churches to purify his people. In one speech he boasts of the power of the German sword and refers to himself as the "prince of peace." His ministers prate of "freedom" and talk tenderly of the self-determination of small nations. while at the same time they take cruel and ironical measures to appropriate to Germany that which is essential to the survival of small nations, even their bread, and do it in the name of God!

more than those savage tribes though they lived by war and conquest, yet performed rites of purification after each slaughter. The head hunter, bringing home his ghastly trophy, was himself for a period of days taboo, and the head became an object of reverence. The tribe would put it up in a conspicuous place and offer it delicate morsels to eat. even sometimes forcing food into its dead mouth. Solemn rites were performed to reconcile the spirits of the vanquished. Songs were intoned, sorrowfully upbraiding the enemy for having got himself killed.

If one could see deeply into the sources of human conduct at the very dawn of moral awakening perhaps one would know why savages behaved in this way. But were their acts more incomprehensible than the commiseration of Germany with her victims? Is the picture of a savage tribe offering food to the dead head of a rival warrior chief less disgusting or amazing than the spectacle of the Kaiser weeping over France?

In the behavior of the Bolshevik leaders in Russia you see again what may not be the contradictions of madness at all, but merely the fantastic p'ay of infantile and archaic impulses against an inherited social background. At Brest-Litovsk the Bolshevik delegates performed an act of renunciation unparalleled in our time. It seemed at first a majestic, unbelievable gesture of nonresistance on the part of a great, naïve people. But it was not that. The Russian Bolsheviki want neither peace nor freedom. They are bent on another form of conquest, namely, conquest of the capitalistic order. They have no shrinking from blood and violence. In the pursuit of their object they can be as tyrannical and merciless as Germans. "If the Czecho-Slavs will not disarm," says Lenine, "then shoot them." Evidently it will be their own fault if they get killed. All anti-Bolshevist elements are to be put down without mercy or restraint. Counter-revolutionists are executed, and the summary procedure against them is defended on the ground that it is necessary to "organize terror against the ene-

This in the name of freedom and

mies of Soviet rule."

We ought to have an inquiry into the psycho-pathological state of the world. Savagery has broken through. In a sense more real than we have thought, civiliracy as such, but by the archaic elements in mankind.

Costa Rica, Too

The Senate Military Affairs Committee has approved an amendment to the army appropriation bill which invites all Allied nations unable to train and equip their own troops to send them to this country for training and equipment. The language of the amendment is broad. It covers "any country which is or shall be at war with any country with which the United States is at war." The invitation is extended to our European allies, to Japan, Siam and China and to these six Latin-American nations-Brazil, Cuba, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Panama and Costa Rica.

Our Washington dispatches say: "Costa Rica cannot be included in this offer because the American State Department refuses to recognize the present government." We hope that this is not the case. Why persist in a fantastic discrimination against one of our American allies? By signing an army appropriation act, carrying the Senate committee's amendment as it stands, the President could gracefully extricate the Administration from a false position, stumbled into hastily and without warrant in international usage.

Our State Department has refused to recognize the present government of Costa Rica, on the ground that it came into power through revolution. The United States has recognized scores of foreign governments which came into existence that way. Our own government was established through revolution. Only a couple of years ago President Wilson in a message to Congress highly eulogized the right of revolution. The theory that the successfully established government of an independent state should be boycotted indefinitely because of its revolutionary origin is entirely new in international law and morals.

In fact, our own recent practice has been inconsistent with the Costa Rica boycott. We have recognized a revolutionary government in Peru. We have also recognized the revolutionary Carranza government in Mexico. Why split hairs about the de jure character of the present administration in Costa Rica?

This little state has entered the war against German autocracy. It is our ally. As such it is entitled to our consideration and cooperation. Portugal, another of our allies, had a revolution recently. Did we boycott the new government and cut off diplomatic intercourse

A friend in war is twice a friend. If Costa Rica has any troops to send here to be trained and equipped, we ought to welcome them. Mere pride of opinion has no place in war diplomacy.

"As the Twig Is Bent"

One of the salient results of the first application of the draft law was the disclosure of a heavy percentage of registrants who had to be rejected for physical disability. In many cases the disqualification was not serious, but the percentage was distinctly serious, since it indicated that a vast number of the young men of the country were impaired, not only for fighting, but to an extent which kept them below normal good health. And the worst feature of this was that in the bulk of cases this disability might have been remedied in childhood.

Are the Germans mad? Perhaps no nature that the Child Health Organiza- a conviction even, before this particular laymen, with Dr. L. Emmett Holt as chairman, has recently been formed. The plan of the new organization is for a nation-wide campaign to form health habits in children, to endeavor to combat malnutrition, to further health examinations in school and to watch over the young in industry.

There is much need right here in New York for the work of such a body, and in all probability this city is ahead of the rest of the country in looking after the health of its young. Dr. Holt declares that "the nation is beginning to suspect, if not to realize, that even more essential to its permanence than progress in science, politics or industry is the health of its people, especially its children." And, an even more striking statement, he insists that "this national assethealth-is at present the most in danger of all our national resources." Unfortunately, there is more evidence than the showing of the draft examinations to substantiate this. Infant health agencies have reduced the infant mortality rate, but the showing of malnutrition in New York City's schools made recently was alarming. This city has an efficient system of examinations by physicians, nurses and dentists in the schools, but stringency of funds does not permit this to be as extensive as it should be; and it is by no means the rule in other cities, far less in the rural district. It is only in recent years that the effect of play-organized play-on the development of children has received attention, and it is only the progressive communities which have experimented

The net result is that children are growing up with defects of eyes, ears, noses, throats, to mention the most usual cases, which if taken in time and properly attended to could be cured, but if let to go on result in far more serious ailments, producing frequently serious trouble. These unfortunate individuals are thereby disqualified for putting into the battle of life what they should and for getting out of the struggle with the world what they need. Some of them become economic liabilities; most of them are doomed to be at a discount economically. The danger of this condition is pronounced now. War bears hard on the child, always and everywhere, and the experience of social workers already

zation may be threatened-not by autoc- comfort itself with the notion that it will be any exception to this rule. The work of the Child Health Organization, therefore, is not only needed, but should receive the heartiest cooperation of in-

> dividuals and officialdom. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." The way to make this country strong and healthy, for work, play or fight, is to begin with the children.

Harder or Wiser?

It is tragic news that comes out of Indiana, the wreck of a circus train and the crashing death of scores, almost the whole gay, hard-working community that makes a circus. Yet it wins only a small display on the front pages of our newspapers. And we read it with passing distress. It is undoubtedly true that the war has changed our standard of tragedy, has made us all but indifferent to accidents which a' few years ago would have set our hearts throbbing with grief and sympathy.

But are we the harder for the change? We suggest not. A slight thickening of the skin may have come, but that is a very different thing from a hardening of the heart. We do not react as readily as once we did to any stimulus of sorrow; we cannot afford to and live through what we all must face. But emotions are surely not less poignant and deep-stirring than before the war. They are, for most of us, revivified and stronger than

Is it not really our perspective that has altered? Any number of tragedies, large and small, that grieved us greatly bef re the war have now fallen into their proper place. We are not indifferent to them. We see them in new relation to the great facts of life, truth and justice and right. Our individual importance has lessened by the side of such eternities. Are we not wiser rather than harder?

The Vicious Tip

The Federal Trade Commission, which s undertaking to break up the custom of 'trade bribery"-that is, the giving of tips, dinners, cigars, liquor and the like to influence the placing of orders-has a hard row to hoe. Undoubtedly this is "unfair competition," but unfortunately the practice is one of long standing in all kinds of business. A recent investigation by a legislative committee in this state put on the records what everybody knew -that even janitors or superintendents of apartment houses got milk, newspapers and ice for themselves by giving lists of residents in the buildings and setting up trade monopolies for the dealers who scratched their backs."

Practically the question is one of morals or ethics. Various states have adopted anti-tipping laws, but morality can't be legislated into human nature, much less adherence to a given standard of ethics, so their enforcement has been conspicuous by its absence rather than by its effectiveness. Moreover, it is difficult, as a matter of law, to draw the line between a bribe and the luncheon or dinner given by a salesman soliciting an order to the buyer of some firm merely as a pleasant social attention.

Tipping is vicious, since it is wasteful conomically, whether it be the tip to a hat boy or the full fledged bribe to a buyer of a big concern, which goes into the salesman's account as "expenses" and is eventually passed along to the ultimate purchasers in the increased cost of the articles. But, so weak is human nature and so faulty are trade habits, it It is to look after matters of this will take many a prosecution, and many ation of physicians and form of tipping can be eradicated.

Mark Twain Minus His Humor

Must the laws of copyright be amended to include the works of those resident in another world? That might be a logical if somewhat difficult consequence of the international legislation it took so long to secure. There has been much supermundane literary activity in recent years. That the revenue from a "best seller" would be of much consequence in the ghostly life there is no reason to believe. But the author who takes to the ouija board or other spiritual means of communication may have left relatives or publishers who have an interest both in his estate and in his reputation. Thus the Harpers feel compelled to protest against the publication of "Jap Herron," a novel ascribed to Mark Twain, by Mrs. Hutchings, on evidence which the skeptical might consider imperfect. "After several messages spelt out," the preface asserts, "the pointer of the planchette traced the words 'Samuel L. Clemens, lazy Sam." But the publishers of the books written by Mark Twain in the flesh are not in the least convinced by this touch of the familiar. They still insist that "Jap Herron" is not genuine, and they ask that its further publication be

The plain wayfaring man, of course, who knows nothing of spooks and has never read the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research or the profound divagations of Professor Hyslop, will at once conclude that the whole pretence of Clementian authorship is absurd. Dead men tell no tales of any kind. Nor is the character of the work imputed to them after their death such as to dispel unbelief. Their intellectual return from the bourne is too unilluminating. They seem to have suffered too great a sea change. Readers would never know them without a label. This question of mental deterioration in the life to come is a problem for deep thinkers; and they have not answered it. Omar sent his soul to the invisible, but he remained on earth to identify it when it returned. It would really be safer for authors who have substituted the ouija board for the typewriter to follow the example of "Patience Worth" and keep shrewdly in the shadow. Mark Twain loved a merry jest, but it may be doubted if he would appreciate the humor of this shows that the United States cannot capture of his fame by unseen hands.

The Fugitive

B EAUTY has come to make no longer stay Than the bright buds of May

Beauty is with us for one hour, one hour, Life is so brief a flower; Thoughts are so few.

Thoughts are so few with mastery to give Shape to these fugitive

That even in its hour beauty is blind, Because the shallow mind

And in the mind of man only can be Alert prosperity For beauty brief.

Not sees, not sees.

So, what can be but little comes to less Upon the wilderness Of unbelief.

And beauty that has but an hour to spend With you for friend,

But know, but know-for all she is out-It is not she at last,

But you that die. JOHN DRINKWATER.

Serbia Answers A REPLY TO THE GERMAN "HYMN OF

HATE!

(From the Serbian of Stephanovitch Svetislav) O YE great Lords of Crime, Whose hands are black with blood Of slaughtered millions! Lives have ye taken that ye could not give.

And treasure stolen that ye never stored: Pure joys outcrushed that ye did not create, Trampled on laws that ne'er did grace your Crushers of human freedom, ye,

Freedom ye never gave, and knew not how Ye Singers of your Hymn of Hate,

Who would with hate impregnate all the Was it for hate that ye were great, Was it for that ye exercised your Might, Was it for that ye so have climbed the Height?

O ye dark souls, Who call yourselves the Nations' Light, Ye without sight, Ye hold yourselves to be as gods, But without God are ye!

Mail-fisted tyrants over men, Lords but of serfs are ye, Despots of creatures who may not breather

Accurst of God be yel Take ye the curses of the countless tears, Tears of the countless living, lears of the countless dead. Tears of which the pain doth stay, Of countless hearts the tears suppressed. Hearts without comfort, knowing naught of

The curse of God is on you-God whom ye called the "Ally" of your Aye, there is a Spirit Who casts on you His

Vainly shall Mortal strive with the im-

Free from strongest fetters, up from dungeon deepest. Like the spirit from the flask, in Oriental

He shall come upon ye riding on the Himself fulfil His curse before the Uni-

Translated by J. W. WILES, M. A., Christ's College, Cambridge, England.

Love Song (From The Little Review)

HE VOU have come between me and the terrifying presence of the moon, the stars, the sun and the earth

with all its crooked outgrowths. The desolation of life has been darkened by your shadow, but

toward me your face has been a light, your hands

a soft rain, the voice from between your lips a thing that carries me as the air carries a bird.

I have spread my arms out with wide feeling you about me and looked up and taken a deep breath!

deep! an April in every finger tip!

From your eyes, from among what you say, tangled like a singing bird in a green tree, you have entered and spread down through

so that I treasure my youth again and wish it never to go from me-for it is not mine but yours

that I shall hold warmly, safely within me forever.

> (after a pause) SHE

Your love song halts and repeats.

Your song is glib. WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

A Dream in War Time (From The Little Review.) HAD made a kite.

On it I had pasted golden stars. And white torches, And the tail was spotted scarlet like a tiger-lily, And yery long.

I flew my kite. And my soul was contented Watching it flash against the concave of the sky. My friends pointed at the clouds: They begged me to take my kite.

AMY LOWELL.

But I was happy Seeing the mirror shock of it Against the black clouds. Then the lightning came And struck the kite It puffed-blazed-fell. But still I walked on, In the drowning rain, Slowly winding up the string.

A Week of Verse

THE DREAM!

Wings Before Feathers

Looking Backward on the Problems of the Aircrafters.

By Theodore M. Knappen

fond dreams have become toil and torture for many men whom the war has surprised as much as a Western twister surprises a calf when it translates it from one pasture to another.

Now, there is Colonel Deeds, who, according to Gutzon Borglum, was a kind of vampire to General Squier. A lot of people think that Colonel Deeds is a very dangerous character. You see, his great-grandfather used, perhaps, to spell it Dietz. Ergo that "strong Teutonic personality" that the dreamy Gutzon inferred.

When the war came along the colonel had a good reputation, a good appetite and a secure place in the esteem of his fellow townsmen of Dayton. He had sold his worries to some trouble-seeking New Yorkers for several millions, and a stray cipher or two on a check didn't bother him before or after the point. He had arrived in full, local honors were his, and as the "Delco" president he was not unknown to fame east of the Hudson. As only some two decades had elapsed since the then towheaded boy was seen moving his trunk on a wheelbarrow through Dayton's streets in hasty flight from a boarding house where the rates had gone up a dollar a week to one where they were still stationary, he was considered a rather rapidly produced self-made man.

Deeds the Investigated

Having nothing to do, as big doers reckon doing, and lots to do it with, the war game appealed to Deeds. He thought he would like to get into the thick of things. He did. For some months now Colonel Deeds has been investigated by day and worked by night. Investigators of aircraft have been so numerous that a wag at one factory suggested that Colonel Deeds provide separate entrances for investigators and give them a number series all to themselves, like

The Dayton aircrafters are a good crowd. They look on Dayton as a kind of aircraft classic. Here the Wrights attained altitude and fame, and government aviation engineering headquarters are here. Orville Wright is still here and is a director and consulting engineer of the Dayton-Wright Company. After he disposed of his rights to the Wright-Martin Company he seemed to be sort of eliminated from the aircraft world, Messrs, Deeds, Kettering and H. E. Talbott (father and son) thought that was all wrong and got together and "chipped in" for an aeronautical laboratory for Orville. He was puttering away in this laboratory and enjoying himself like a boy at a circus on a pass when war came and the Signal Corps wanted to know why the laboratory could not be turned into a factory. So the Dayton-Wright factory came to pass. Messrs. Wright, Kettering, Talbott, Gaddis and others were conscripted before they

It was forced or begged on them. The Dayton men gave up a new plant they had been building for their Domestic Engineering Company and dug into the war game. First they built training 'planes and now they are turning out De Havilands at the rate of fifteen a day, and gaining all the time. If the war should end to-morrow they would have to put a big book value on their experience even to show one of those profit statements that can't be liquidated.

Six Husky Brothers

Another group of aircrafters you would like to meet are the Fisher Brothers, of the Fisher Body Company, Detroit. There are six of these husky brothers, and they are of the finest type of Teutonic contribution to America. There are millions like them. The good Americans of German descent are, perhaps, not so vocal as the mongrel bunch that thought the United States was an international boarding house instead of a nation, but I want to testify that in my industrial wanderings I have found them on the job in many a respon-Well, the Fisher boys had inherited a

little vehicle business from their father. In ten or fifteen years they had expanded it to twenty great plants and had become the greatest manufacturers of automobile bodies in the world. They had made a big financial clean-up. Ahead of them they saw vistas of globe trotting, yachting, golfing, relaxation, fads and hobbies. They had worked desperately hard and denied themselves-now the reward. Bang! comes the war and their dream

blows up. The Signal Corps insists that they must make airplanes. The brothers know that nobody can drive the organization like themselves to high pressure production. So off come the coats and back to the strenuous life again. They have con-

ASHINGTON, June 22.—Air castles | verted several of their factories to 'plane have turned into aircraft and | work and have completed for 'planes in an incredibly short time. Already they have made a thousand training planes, and now they are producing De Havilands and great bombing 'planes, and soon they will be making them at the rate of forty a day, which dwarfs the output of any 'plane factory in Europe. I took a whole day just to race through four of their plants, and every time I turned a corner I saw some new machine for shortcutting airplanes.

Poulbot in "Le Journal"

Japanese Capital Helps

When you come to the Standard Aircraft Corporation, at Elizabeth, N. J., you find a lawyer, H. B. Mingle, running a 'plane factory with Japanese capital. Every cent invested in that big plant is Japanese. Mitsui & Co. had some claims against the original company, which got into financial troubles, and when they were cleared up the Japanese firm owned the plant. Their attorney seemed to be the logical man to run the business. Along came the war, and, presto! the lawyer and his Japanese clients are making airplanes for Uncle Sam.

A Mammoth Industry

ciency and capacity.

A year ago we had, roughly speaking, no aircraft industry in America. To-day we have a mammoth industry that in its ramifications includes some five hundred plants. The problem now before Mr. Ryan and his assistants is that of using these great facilities to the best possible advantage. Some way must be found hereafter to keep the plants running to the top of their effi-

There have been innumerable mistakes, fumbles and blunders. The Allies made them before us, and we refused to profit by their experience. Theoretically, we should have done much better than we have. But when maddened by this or that piece of real or apparent stupidity or leisureliness two facts. One is that we have had to Americanize the whole theory and practice of aeronautics. The other is that the complexities of aircraft design and manufacture are such that it is utterly impossible to convey to the layman any adequate idea of the problems that have confronted the Aircraft Board, the Signal Corps and the aviation section of the navy. In a desperate effort to design, build up an industry and obtain production within a year our aircrafters have mixed up engineering and production and combined shops and laboratories, manufacture and research until you couldn't tell where designing began and construction ended. Before creation was chaos, and we have imitated creation in the making of aircraft.

The British Experience

But there are others. Our British cousins are graybeards in this game compared with us, but listen to what the British Ministry of the Air says in its report for 1917: "The science of aeronautics is in a state

of constant and rapid development; improvements in engines, seroplanes and their numerous accessories are constantly being worked out. But the interval between the discovery of an improvement and its introduction into the service is, owing to technical considerations, very much longer than is commonly supposed. Experience shows that as a rule from the date of conception and design of an sero engine to the delivery of the first engine in series by the manufacturer more than a year elapses; the corresponding period for an aeroplane is about half as long. Consequently, plans have to be laid for a long period shead and these plans are liable to be upset by many uncertain factors. The hopes based upon the promising results given by the first experimental engines of a new design are freculties of bulk manufacture or to defects only developed after long trial in the air new types of aeroplanes favorably reported on when first tried are found on longer experience not to give complete satisfaction, and yet it is impossible, if we are to keep ahead in the keen struggle for serial superiority, to wait for full experience before placing orders." The British experience indicates that at

best we shall always have disappointments and delays in aircraft production, but now we have the machinery of production on a lavish scale. I wish I could give you some adequate idea of the magnificent plants that have arisen within a year and of the ingenious machinery and tools with which they have been supplied. Engines and airtion, some 75,000 workers have been assembled and trained and a great flow of materials has been created not only for our-

Germany's Mexico

From the Report of the American Federation of Labor Mission to Mexico

66 WE were the storm centre of a most victous campaign of German propaganda. This propagands started at the time we crossed the border, and we occupied the front pages of the most prominent newspapers of Mexico every day, and several times a day, and we presume are still being so honored. Fortunately, this campaign was not as intelligent as it was industrious, and the gross exaggerations, vilifications and silly lies all reacted in our favor and helped our work. We were called strike breakers, jingoes, were accused on the front pages and editorially of being there in the interests of the brutal Allies, and our object was to force peace-loving Mexico to fight her good friend Germany on the side of the thief and murderer, America. Accounts appeared in these papers of America stealing Texas, Arizona and California from Mexico

"The leading paper of Mexico. El Demoerata,' is a morning paper. It is not pro-German, but German. It is owned by a group of Germans and is sold as the 'German paper.' The same group get out an evening paper called 'Nacionale.' The editorials, while we were there, were attacking us and preaching syndicalism. An anarchist or syndicalist editorial appeared daily. The workers were warned against the blandishments of these 'Yanquis,' and told that in syndicalism rested the only hope of the oppressed worker. Other papers, commonly said to be subsidized by Germany, hammered at us with somewhat less venom. 'Excelsior' and 'Universal,' the only papers in Mexico that dare to give any justification to the Allied cause, gave complete and accurate reports of the meetings.

"These papers are fighting for their existence and are up against a strong force. We collected clippings from all these papers, and they are very interesting reading. In addition to the front page headlines and editorials, they got out special bulletins on account of us, and posted them on the buildings of the principal streets of Mexico. They got every important statement we made and either distorted it or reversed it, even when our statements were made in the most open and public manner. If we said the workers of America had not surrendered the right to strike, they would edit the statement: 'THE YANQUIS EX-POSED. . . They admit that the A. F. of L. has forbidden the workers from strik-ing for the war period.' On the heels of this would appear a condemnation of us for driving and compelling our membership to go into the state militia. Their editorials and articles were a continual bid for something to happen.

"On Saturday it was discovered that the Germans had forbidden the management from letting the mass meeting be held there on Sunday, and the committee on arrangements were so informed. They immediately leased another theatre, in as good a location, and before we arrived it was filled, including the three galleries, and this in spite of the fact that on Sunday morning an article appeared in 'El Puebla' to the effect that a free lottery was to take place in some theatre, at the same time as our meeting, and free tickets would be circulated for the drawing of 2,000 pesos, divided into large and small amounts.

"The working people, as the government, are in financial straits, and we shall not soon forget these men and women packing our meeting ahead of time and the splendid ovation they tendered us. Time will not permit a recital of all the clumsy, false, foolish and laughable efforts of this division of Germania to upset our work. As far as the workers were concerned, they finally drove all the doubters over to us. Our Sunday meeting was the greatest success of all, and there was some measure of satisfaction in seeing the stolid faces of the 'El Democrata' group occupying the nearest box to the stage. Their creatures were scattered through the audience, but were well known and were refused the floor because they did not represent any of the syndicates (unions). One man who had been occupying the stage near the box in which the 'El Democrata' group were seated, member of the union, got recognition at the close of our addresses, and repeated the charges that 'El Democrata' had been making, that we had again stated that the A. F. of L. had forbidden strikes, that we were helping in the persecution of the L W. W. martyrs in jail in Chicago, etc. He was laughed and hissed down by the au-

In a World of Females

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: When I arrived at Broad Street Station this morning I saw a woman putting up signs over the gates through which passengers enter to the trains. A large negro woman was sweeping up the remnants of paper and cigar stumps off the station floor. At the newsstand where I bought the morning paper I was waited on

by a woman, and a woman sold me a ticket to Washington. I bought a stamp from a woman in the postoffice substation, and at a hotel in South Penn Square a woman clerk sold me a room. Going to the luncheon counter I was waited on by a woman, and I was told by the waitress when I asked her a question that my breakfast was being cooked by a woman. I called up a man that I wished to see

and a woman telephone operator switched me on to a woman clerk, who told me that the gentleman in question was out, but had left the matter in the hands of his assistant, and from the fact that she called this assistant Miss Blank I knew that I would have to deal with another woman. To get to this office I was taken up in the elevator by a woman elevator operator. Finishing my business with Miss Blank, I went to Wanamaker's, where I made some purchases from a woman, and I judged that I was one of perhaps fifty men in the store among several thousand women. In desperation I went into a saloon and bought a drink from a man, but to my consternation found out that his employer was a woman.

Shall women vote? FORD JENNINGS. Philadelphia, Penn., June 18, 1918. She who is taking this dictation is female of the species.

But Not Much Head (From The Kansas City Times) General von Stein seems to contain the usual amount of froth and it has the usual tendency to run over. They ought to put